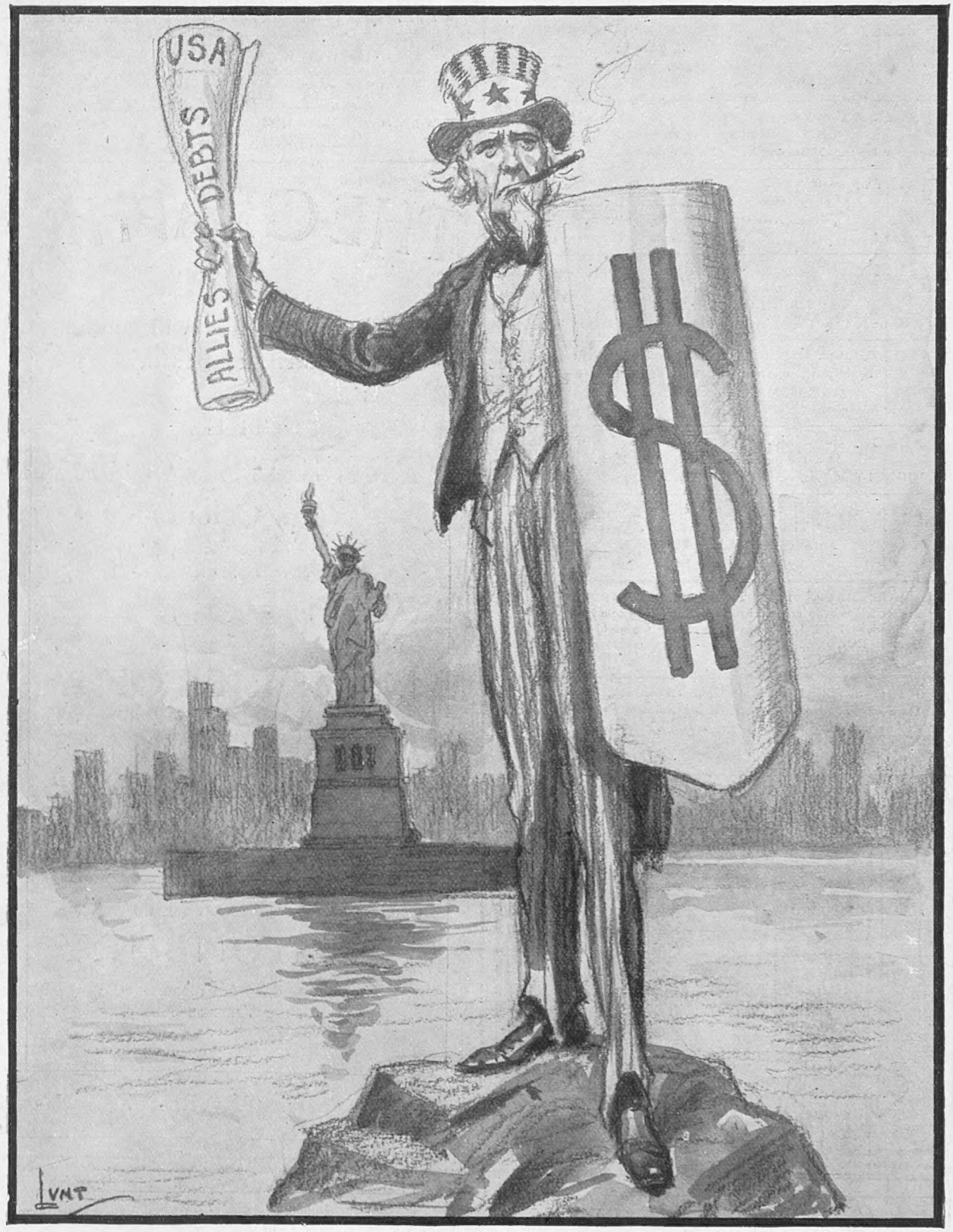
The Bystander, November 16, 1921 No. 937. Vol. LXXII.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

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Cicely Debenham, Nancie Lovat, Misquette and Maxly.

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A New Play by BERNARD SHAW.
Every Evening at 8.
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By Gertrude Page (Authoress of "Paddy the next Best Thing").

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
"WOMAN TO WOMAN"
Arthur Wontner. Wilette Kershaw.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834). THE CO-OPTIMISTS
in a Pierrotic Entertainment in 2 Parts.
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS., MON., WED. and SAT., 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. Nightly 8.30. Thurs. & Sat. 2.30.
"THE SPECKLED BAND."
An Adventure of Sherlock Holmes
By Arthur Conan Doyle.

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THE GRAPHIC

This Week's Issue will contain Three Striking Features:—

THE PRINCE'S TOUR (In Colour)
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"Crede Byron"?

THE production of the Byronic play, *The Pilgrim of Eternity*, reminds me of the poet's motto, "Crede Byron," which figures on the tiles of the extraordinary house in Fleet Street dedicated to his memory by the late Sir Tollemache Sinclair. The curious thing is that nobody in this country does "Trust Byron" to-day. They still think a great deal of him in Germany, and he stands high with the Greeks, for he played a very important part in the liberation; but to the average English reader, notwithstanding many efforts to revive him, he is, perhaps, the most rococo of all our poets, while some of his descendants have done their best to queer his reputation.

Always a Great Personality

I FANCY, however, he will always remain a great personality, just like Disraeli, with whom he had many points in common, especially in his un-English sense of theatreism. It is highly significant that Mr. Gilbert Frankau, who belongs to Disraeli's race, should have written two novels in the Byronic stanza, which is difficult and audacious.

Boil Water in a Minute

A CERTAIN invention, reported last week, should have an immediate and personal interest for practically everybody as soon as it is on the market. This is the Cleary Lamp. I have watched Mr. Edwin Cleary at work on this lamp for the last three or four years. No account of it that I saw gave a very good idea of what Mr. Cleary has accomplished. You put ordinary paraffin into this lamp, just as you would into any lamp. In a few moments you light a gas flame that burns something like 80 p.c. or more of air, and gives out such a tremendous heat that on the smallest lamp you can boil a pint of water in a minute.

A Brilliant Invention

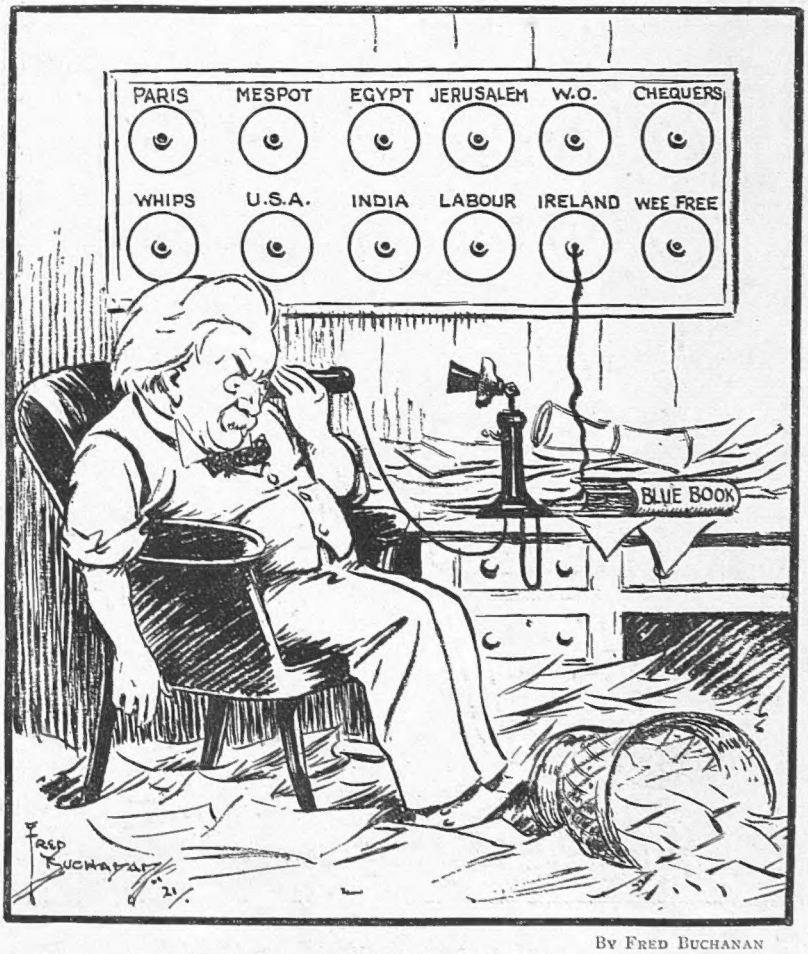
IT has no wick and makes neither smell nor smoke. I have passed a white silk handkerchief through a burner that has been going continuously for days, and there was not a speck of dirt or smut of any kind on it. With a sheet of white notepaper or a white plate you can prove the flame to be absolutely smokeless. A small lamp costs about a farthing an hour in paraffin. Giving such a terrific heat the lamp, naturally, can be used for lighting purposes, and with a change of burner incandesces through a 300-candle-power mantle.

Indispensable for Early Tea

BUT as one who has much experience of country cottages it is the heating end that interests me. We who in the summer have had to wait the tardy pleasure of the ordinary oil lamp know what it means to have shaving water and water for morning or afternoon tea *in a minute*. It sounds too good to be true, but I have seen it done—and done it myself. I know of a seaside house where every morning this summer the hot water for the early teas of a large household has been boiled in a large kettle in about five minutes. It is a perfectly simple thing to use, and is practically "fool proof."

"The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's"

I AM no Sherlock Holmes, but I feel sure that I am right in arguing that all the gentlemen who write about the films in the newspapers which I read are young men, or, at any rate, considerably younger than I am. Otherwise they would have had



By Fred Buchanan

"OURS IS A NICE 'OUSE, OURS IS!"

·BYSTANDER COMMENTS *(continued)*

something more to say about the production of "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's" the other day. They all praised it, but it evidently did not stir in them the memories that it stirred in me. Who that was a small schoolboy when "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," by Talbot Baines Reed, was running in the *Boys' Own Paper* could have helped making some reference to those great days?

A Clean, Healthy Writer

I HAVE seen only two films in my life, but I certainly hope to go and renew those halcyon days with a look at this one. Talbot Baines Reed was a clean, healthy writer, whom the introspective and very young men that have of late years been writing of school life would do well to study. These young men seem to have a somewhat ulcerated view of life, but they probably are, and life certainly is, far simpler and more wholesome than they hope—but they are probably finding this out every day.

Unemployment as a Profession

IT really needs a W. S. Gilbert properly to handle the present situation in the labour world. Unemployment is too terrible a thing for jesting, but one cannot help wondering what Gilbert would have made of a state of affairs in which unemployment is a serious rival to labour as a means of livelihood. For weeks past it has been impossible to read a newspaper without seeing an example of this—men dropping relief work, striking, or refusing jobs, because they can "do better" as unemployed on the rates.

By Victor Hicks

COLDEST WEATHER FOR YEARS—WARMEST INTEREST FOR WEEKS

The Saving Game

I SUPPOSE it will all come right in the end. We have Sir Philip Sassoon's assurance that so long as plenty of people play golf at week-ends we may feel confident that things are all right fundamentally. Thank goodness, then, that week-end golfers seem as plentiful as ever!

Debrett in the Kitchen

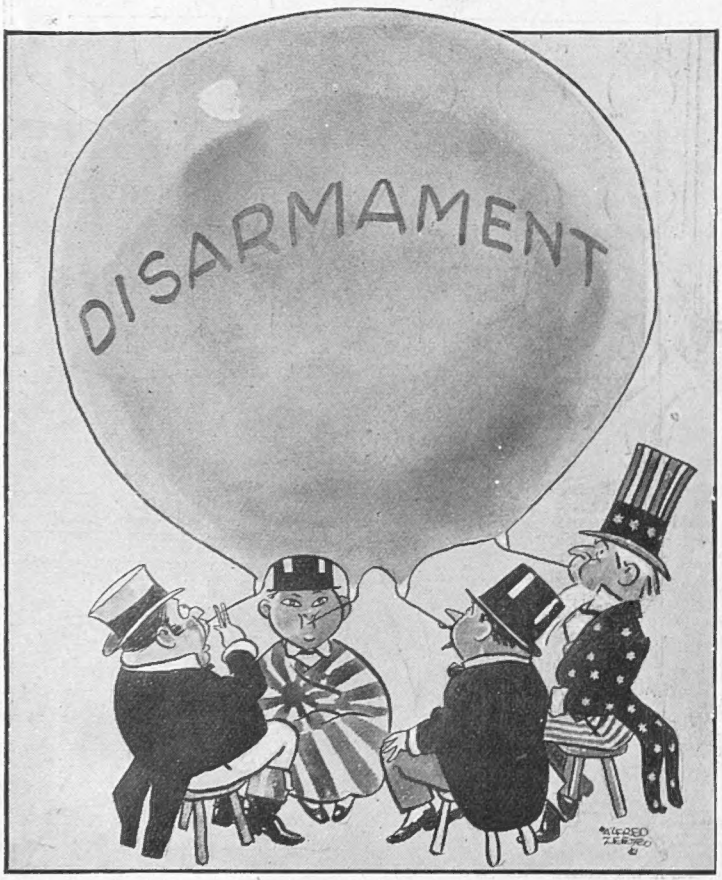
ACCORDING to the *Daily Express* not only the ladies of the New Poor, but duchesses and other titled ladies of Debrett, are all eagerly taking cooking lessons. One teacher found these high-born ladies woefully ignorant of everything concerned in the subject, but said they showed much intelligence and learned quickly. This was only to be expected. What's bred in the bone, etc. The mothers probably, and certainly the grandmothers of all these ladies, if they were well-born ladies, too, knew all about cooking and much other domestic lore besides.

Where are the Cooks?

IGNORANCE on the part of ladies of these matters is a very modern thing, and, fortunately, never became universal. What has become of the cooks of England I do not know, unless they have all been married by profiteers. But when the ladies of England have recovered the art, they will teach a fresh generation.

The Prince and the London Poor

ON the eve of his departure for India the Prince of Wales, realising the bleak outlook in so many homes for the winter, expressed his wish to again become a subscribing patron of the *Daily Graphic* Free Meal and Relief Fund. His Royal Highness was one of the very first to respond to the *Daily Graphic* appeal when this simple scheme of direct charity was revived last January. The necessity for it to-day is doubly pressing. Black as last winter was, the coming one is likely to be worse. Lean years are upon us, after years of great plenty. Idle men mean starving women and children, so that the necessity



THE PACIFIC BUBBLE By Alfred Leete

By E. T. Reed

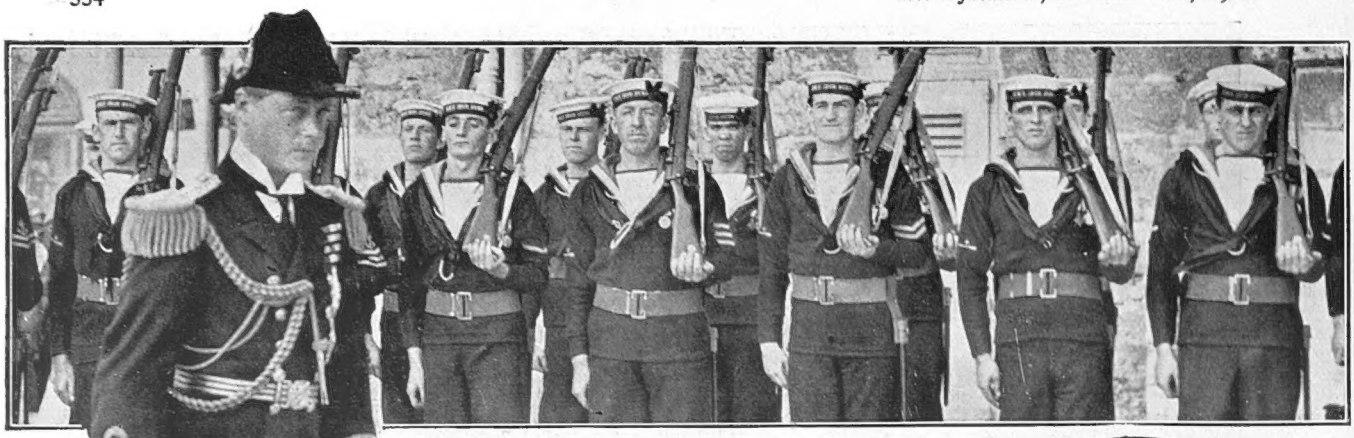
AN "INVALID" EXCUSE

Fritz von Sobstuff (*to a crowd of creditors*): "My fellows! *pleass* to not make such wicked noises on the door! How can we think of paying everypody everythings, ven our poor little 'mark' iss in such a *schocking* condition and sinking rapidly! We can think *only* of our poor little suffering 'mark'!"

for some such direct and simple undertaking as the *Daily Graphic* Free Meals has become a positive necessity.

A Very Deserving Charity

Family kitchens have been established at Walthamstow, Bermondsey, Bethnal Green, Edmonton, Blackfriars, Canning Town, and Deptford. At all these centres daily dinners are being provided from 11 a.m. until 3 p.m. The scope of the winter's work among London's poor has also been extended to the feeding of nursing and expectant mothers, and at the Mothers' Dining-Rooms in existence at Hammersmith, Pimlico, Battersea, King's Cross, and the Minories free meals are being served. Donations should be made payable to the *Daily Graphic*, crossed London County Westminster and Parr's Bank, and addressed to the Relief Editor, Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. 4.



WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE AT MALTA

Inspecting the Guard of Honour formed by sailors of the "Iron Duke"

The Queen's Practicability

CHARITIES and kindnesses come and go in this unstable world, but one good work remains unchanged from year to year. This is Queen Mary's London Needlework Guild. Founded originally by Her Majesty's mother, the delightful and most popular Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, since her death it has been carried on by the Queen.

The Queen's interest in the Guild is most practical. She not only knits for it during the greater part of the year, but herself superintends the unpacking and allocation of the garments made by the members. These garments are divided amongst poor London parishes.

The annual unpacking and distribution took place last week at the Imperial Institute, the Queen in a large white apron and with a pair of most businesslike scissors working hard with the Princess Mary and several other ladies for a couple of days. The Queen herself marks off every parcel of work as it is unpacked.

The King's Visits

THE King has not inherited his father's love of country-house visiting; in fact, His Majesty never pays such visits except for shooting. The late King was very fond of week-end visits to friends in the country, but the present Sovereign rarely, if ever, stays with any except the great territorial magnates, and then only for shooting, as the recent one to Lord Iveagh at Elveden, or on such occasions as the visit to Lord Derby at Knowsley at the time of the Grand National.

The Prince of Wales, I hear, is especially missed by the King and Queen.

Viscount Grey and Lady Glenconner

NOTHING has been talked of except the engagement of Lord Grey of Fallodon and Lady Glenconner. It is not so much the engagement of a widower to a widow, both prominent in the world's eye—*that* has happened before, even at their ages—which has caused the interest and the chatter. The great point of discussion is the political possibilities of the match. And it seems to me that people are rather hankering to get back to politics. The wife of a Member of Parliament said to me the other day, "I shall be glad when all this Irish business is settled and out of the way. Then we can get on with the *real* political work of the country. It is perfectly useless going to my husband's constituency just now. The people won't listen!" It is certainly an odd point of view to take of the Irish Question, but one sees what the lady meant—the return of local political excitement.

Photograph *Central News*

LADY PHYLLIS HERVEY MARRIED

Lady Phyllis Hervey, the younger daughter of the Marquess of Bristol, and her husband, Captain John Duncan Macrae, of the Seaforth Highlanders, after their wedding at Ickworth, near Bury St. Edmunds. The Reverend Lord Manners Hervey, uncle of the bride, and the Lord Bishop of Argyle and the Isles officiated

SIR JAMES BUCHANAN'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED

The engagement is announced of Mr. R. N. Macdonald, M.C., Scots Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Macdonald, of Buenos Aires, Argentine, and Catherine, only daughter of Sir James Buchanan, one of the best known and most popular supporters of the Turf. Torridon, Ross-shire, and Lavington Park, Petworth, Sussex, once the home of Bishop Wilberforce, are two of his country seats

Photograph *Dorothy Wilding*

TO SING AT COMMAND PERFORMANCE

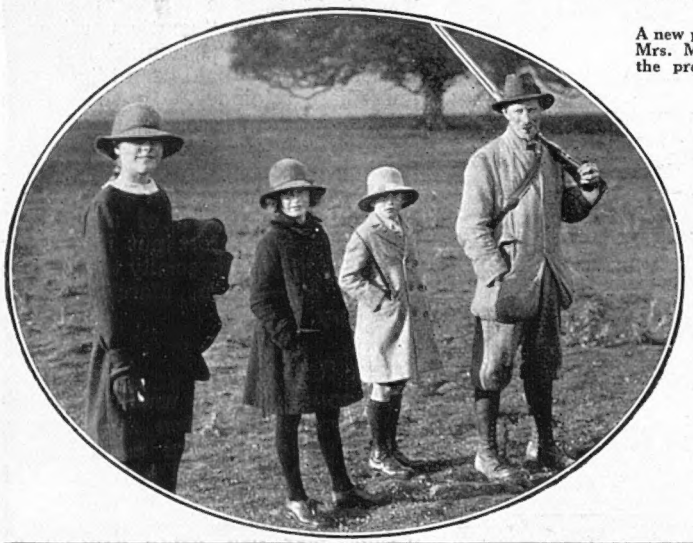
Miss Lily Fairney, well known to the music-hall world, is to sing at the Royal Performance by command of His Majesty the King at the Hippodrome on November 25

The same spirit, I think, is inspiring the prophets who see in the marriage of Lord Grey and Lady Glenconner every imaginable political prospect, including a new Premier and a new party. We shall see. One thing may be safely prophesied—a political hostess of commanding position.

Photograph *Yevonde*

A CHARMING STUDY

A new portrait of Mrs. McNeill and her only daughter, Sheila, and a favourite deerhound. Mrs. McNeill is the daughter of the late Sir Oswald Mosley, 4th Baronet, sister of the present Baronet, and wife of Mr. Charles McNeill, a former Master of the Grafton Foxhounds



Lady Glenconner has been in close relation to the Cabinet on both sides. Her brother was the handsome, brilliant George Wyndham, Secretary for Ireland, and her husband, the late Lord Glenconner, received his peerage from his brother-in-law, Mr. Asquith.

A Witty Duchess

In looking through some letters written by a forebear in the earlier part of the nineteenth century from London to a relation in the country, amongst much amusing gossip of the period I came across this story. The Lady Egerton of Tatton of the day had written to the Duchess of Somerset—the beautiful and witty Sheridan Duchess—asking her for the character of a footman. Was John Smith clean in his person, good-looking, honest, sober, conscientious in his work, and so on, a whole string of questions, ending up with "Is he virtuous and can

Photographs *Tom Aitken and W. A. Rouch*

THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER TRIALS AT GODMERSHAM PARK

A party assembled at Godmersham Park, the joint residence of Viscount Lewisham and Major L. Palmer, prior to the retriever trials. Above is Lord Lewisham with three of his children

Photograph *Keturah Collings*

LADY DESBOROUGH

Who is also organising the Christmas Fair to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel in December

SOME PATRONESSES OF DEVONSHIRE HOUSE BALL

The Devonshire House Ball is being supported by numberless well-known people, and we picture four patronesses who are working industriously for its success

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

LADY COGHLAN

The wife of Sir Timothy A. Coghlan, Agent-General for New South Wales in London since 1905

he be trusted with the maids?" This was the Duchess's answer:

"The Duchess of Somerset presents her compliments to Lady Egerton of Tatton, and begs to say in answer to her questions concerning John Smith that if he possessed one half of the qualities enumerated by Lady Egerton of Tatton he would not be leaving the Duchess's service. The Duchess would have married him."

It was this Duchess of Somerset who made a remark which has been

Photograph *Press Portrait Bureau*

THE MARCHIONESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON

Yet another supporter of the Devonshire House Ball in aid of the People's League of Health

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY

One of the many patronesses of next week's great charity

attributed to nearly every well-known woman since her time—certainly to every woman of outstanding originality. Going into a draper's shop to change some silk the shop-

Photograph *Lafayette*

AFTER THE WEDDING

Miss Pamela Burroughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Burroughes (the latter a cousin of Lord Mayo), who was married on Tuesday, November 8, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, to Captain the Hon. Ivan Hay, the youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Erroll

walker asked the Duchess if she remembered the "gentleman" who had served her. "I think it was that nobleman with a bald head!" was the immediate rejoinder. In those days dames of the Duchess's quality did not approve of the then new-fangled fashion of calling everybody indiscriminately "ladies and gentlemen," but in several books of memoirs I have seen this retort put into other people's mouths, especially the famous "Lady A."—Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury.

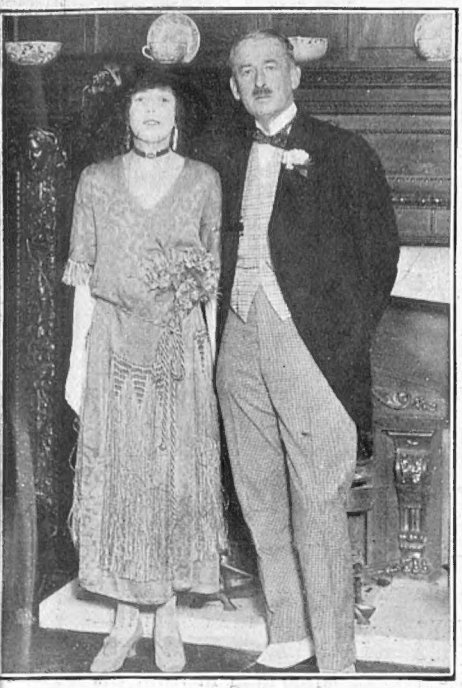
Smart Repartee

A GOOD dinner is usually productive of some *bon mot*. At a recent party I heard a very neat remark. A man and his neighbour—a pretty young woman—had apparently, not met for some time. "What are you doing now?" he asked.—"Nothing, and I'm thinking of trying to get a place in a milliner's shop!" "Surely," he said, "things are not so bad as that?" "Oh, yes," the young woman replied, "they are. You see, I was an early pauper caught by the War!"

A Lizard in Berkeley Square

STRANGE things happen in London. A safe containing a priceless picture by an old master can be taken out of a house in Bryanston Square without any notice being attracted, and a diamond brooch can lie for a week in Berkeley Square untouched!

Going from the Ritz to Mount Street a lady lost a large diamond brooch shaped like a lizard, with two rubies for its eyes—a jewel of great value.



Photograph L. N. A.

LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. MACDONALD, R.E.

Youngest son of the late Lord Kingsburgh, and Miss Edith Stewart-Richardson, daughter of the late Colonel E. R. Stewart-Richardson and cousin by marriage of Lady Constance Matthew (formerly Stewart-Richardson) were married in London last week

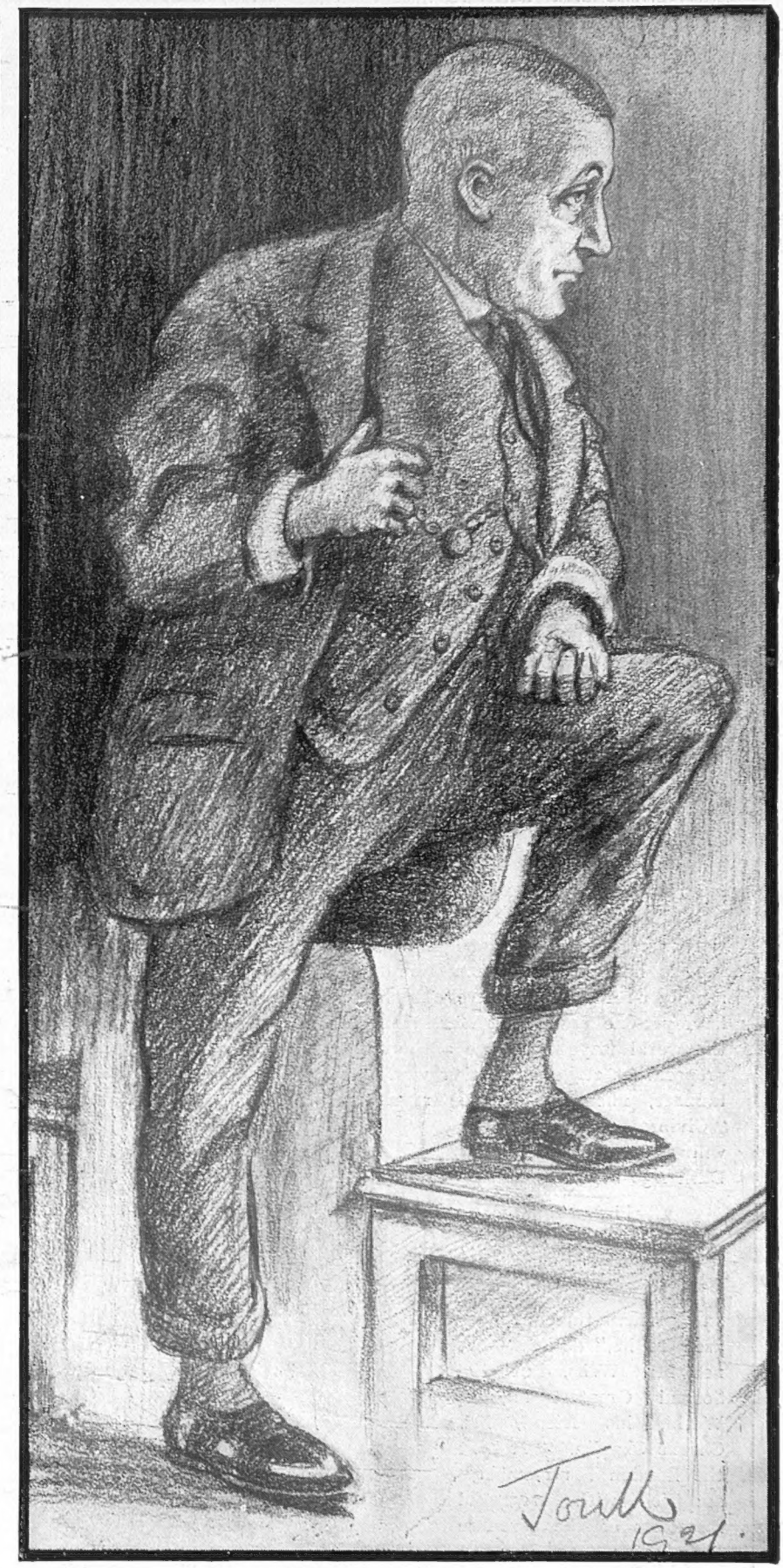
The usual steps were taken—enquiries made, etc., etc. A week later the diamond lizard was taken to Scotland Yard. The finder going through Berkeley Square had seen something glittering in the gutter on the other side of the road. The glitter came from the lizard's tail; the rest of it was hidden under a leaf where the brooch had lain since it had fallen from its owner's dress. The result was a happy finder and a happy owner.

There is a growing feeling, I find, amongst women against wearing conspicuous and valuable jewellery when walking in the streets. It is a horrible temptation to a man out of work and with his wife and children perhaps actually needing food. The sight of a blazing diamond brooch—the sudden temptation—a snatch—the tearing of some thin material—a woman's scream—a mad, breathless run with a hue and cry after him—and there you have a thief, made by an unthinking and unnecessary display of jewellery.

A New American Countess

THE death of Lord Castlestewart adds another American Countess to the peerage. His eldest son, Lord Stewart, who is a schoolmaster, married Miss Guggenheimer, the heiress of the vastly wealthy American magnate of that name. You will remember that the new Countess of Castlestewart took the unusual and happy step of giving a large sum of money to hospitals to mark "the occasion of her marriage."

Both of the new Lord Castlestewart's elder brothers were killed during the War. He has been Lord Stewart since 1915, the year after his father succeeded to the earldom.



By "Jonk"

STOCK EXCHANGE CELEBRITIES. No. V.—Mr. "WILLY" ASKEW

Yet one more of the Trustees and Managers, and a veritable monument of the War Loan Market. Will take you in hundreds or millions—the bigger the better. Would prefer to work without sleeves were his tailor not a Conservative of the O.S. Is as equally fond of cubbing round the Devil's Dyke as "stag"-hunting in the House

IN ENGLAND-NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 14

DEAR COUSIN—

WE live in very odd and restless times, don't we? And now that winter's here at last and the days grow shorter and darker all the time, getting gloomier and gloomier the prophets are, too—just by way of giving things a sort of a bit of a brighten-up, I suppose.

THE catastrophe of 1914, says the blackest and blood-curdlingest of 'em all—no less an one than H. G. Wells, to wit—is still going on. It does not end. It increases, spreads. This winter more people will suffer dreadful things and more people will die untimely, through the clash of 1914, than suffered and died in the first year of the War. . . . The world's economic life, its civilisation embodied in its great towns, is disintegrating and collapsing. . . .

CHEERY reading—what? And heartening, too, to hear all about how we're not only being rapidly r-ruined, but just about or very shortly to have yet one more Great War. The chief Powers of the world (says the same authority) "are in the preparatory stage of another war." There's to be famines, unemployed riots, revolutions, anarchy. "Civilisation as we know it will go under and a new Dark Age begin."

EVEN London, it appears, is not what it was. "People are not laughing and careless there as they used to be," declares—no, not Mr. Wells, but the Second Greatest in the World, his friend, Mr. Charlie Chaplin. "It isn't the London I remember," sez 'e with regretful memories of the care-free Kennington (or was it Hoxton?) of his youth. "They are anxious. Something hangs over them." And we are only going on at all, it seems, "by accumulated inertia"—whatever that means.

THINGS do rather hang over one, certainly, these days, in the way of bills and all the rest of it—if one doesn't happen, that is, to have a steady little income of £500,000 a year or so coming in from the movies or what not. But even the half-million incomes, according to Mr. Wells, are going to crash, unless. . . . Unless the great Washington Conference that started last Saturday (and where Mr. Wells, by the way, has gone as extra special correspondent) "marks a turning-point in human affairs," and, somehow, anyhow, I don't-know-how, manages to "stave off the disasters and destruction that gather about our race. . . ." What a hope—what?

AND the worst of it is that so frightfully few of us seem really to realise what a terrible state we're in. Quite a lot of us, in fact, spite of Mr. Wells and Mr. Chaplin and cold winds and political ructions and financial crises and things, do seem to be still, nevertheless, and quite obstinately and contrarily, putting up quite a good imitation of being really every bit as "laughing and careless" as we used to be and will be for ever-and-ever-amen, or, anyway, we hope so.

"Ought to be plunged in deepest depression"

REALLY *ought* to be plunged in deepest depression, I suppose, oughtn't we, seeing what awful things seem to be going on, and lots even worse to come? But, after all, you know, while there are still dark green pines to shine up against an (occasionally) clear blue sky . . . while, at the worst, there is still at least a bright red fire to flare up cheerfully on the hearth, even on the greyest and chilliest of days—fearfully difficult to persuade oneself to be a really complete and thoroughgoing pessimist, whatever happens.

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

HERE in London now, anyway, pessimism doesn't seem to be particularly popular, even if taxes *do* keep shooting upwards and incomes in the downward direction. Very wrong of us, I suppose, and uneconomic, and so on, but, somehow, one can't help a sort of a feeling that—

> The world is so full of such wonderful things,
> I'm sure we ought all to be happy as kings.

Especially after visiting a lovely show like *The Sleeping Princess* at the Alhambra, where the sheer beauty of colour in everything, *plus* Tchaikowsky's music, is enough to send one into a sort of stupor of dazzled contentment.

卐 卐

No horrid strain on the brain, either. Not much of a plot, and no words at all—which is always *so* restful, like the movies. The wonderful blues and pinks, and crimsons and scarlets, and greens and golds, and purples and blacks of the Bakst dresses (against an unusually quiet and restrained Bakst setting), not to mention much delightful dancing, soothe the eye into a most pleasant ecstasy of numbness. And even the age-long intervals don't *much* matter . . . not if you go there in the right company, that is.

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All against the proper gloombird attitude it is, too, to stroll forth, after one of those long and lingering lunches one has in winter-time at, say, the new Belgravia Restaurant, in Grosvenor Gardens (run by the Rendezvous people, on the same sound, and not too frightfully ruinous, lines), and dance away any wintry shivers that may remain at that most delightful of Terpsichorean Temples or Shrines of the Gladsome Glide—the Criterion Roof Garden. Where the tactful sec., Mr. Guy Puckle, tactfully chose quite the coldest day yet for the reopening last week of those pleasant dance-teas under a warm blue (cloth) sky and amid glowing (glass) grape-clusters, to the music of what is still London's best band.

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Yet another new dance place just opened, by the way, called the Royalty, and just opposite the theatre where that very bright and breezy show, *Ring Up*, continues to proceed on its joyous way. Rather handy, what—and quite a nice spot (the dancing Royalty I mean) *and*, what's more, quite within reach, too, of the purse of even the poorest and purest *nouveau pauvre*.

"Winter is here at last"

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The in-aid-of season's got well into its stride here in London now, and this very week as ever is there are two shows at least I want specially to tell you about. One's a two-day bazaar that starts this Wednesday at Claridge's for the Mayfair Union, which is i. a. o. friendless girls and helps to train them for service. Lady Lucan, Lady Crawford, Lady Sandwich, and lots of other well-known people are having stalls. And on Wednesday night there's to be a perfectly good dance at Rector's, with the Duchess of Sutherland as hostess, for that best of causes, the Disabled Sailors' and Soldiers' Workshops.

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Most intriguing of all, perhaps, though, is the great Devonshire House affair that's to happen on the 30th. A Lytton-Dickens play with all sorts of celebs. as supers, from Mr. Compton Mackenzie to Mrs. Asquith (as the Silent Lady!) and a ball to follow. Quite one of *the* events of what looks like being an eventful season—even if the world doesn't (as per prophets) come to a horrid end just yet awhile.

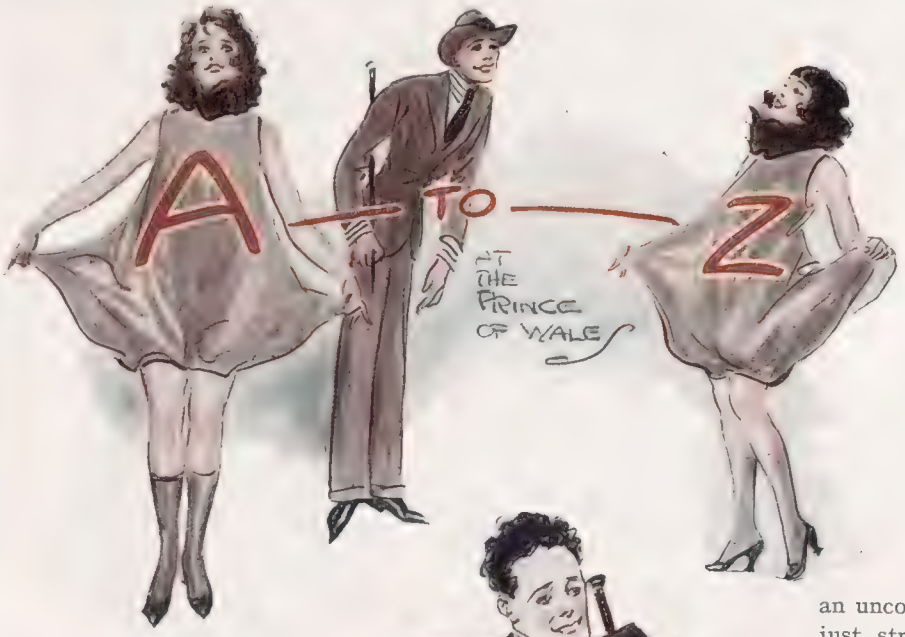
With love, Yours ever, BLANCHETTE

"Dance-teas at the Criterion Roof Garden"

Photograph THE GURKHA RIFLES CELEBRATE THEIR RETURN FROM MESOPOTAMIA *Shiva Lall and Son*

The 1/3rd Queen Alexandra's Own Gurkha Rifles are the oldest Gurkha Battalion in the Indian Army and have only just returned from Mesopotamia, after an absence of six years from India. It is often forgotten that the termination of the War in France did not allow everyone to return home within a few months, and a large number of men had to remain for another two or three years on other fronts. This is a photograph we have received of the Rouge et Noir's Fancy Dress Dance at Almora to celebrate the Regiment's return

BACK ROW (*left to right*): Capt. F. K. Bradford, Capt. L. Monier-Williams, Capt. L. W. McKay-Forbes. SECOND ROW: Miss K. Byrne, Lt. J. A. E. Upton, Mrs. Martin, Capt. Ansell, Capt. C. de C. Martin, Mrs. West, Lt. A. L. de V. Rundle, Miss Gibson, W. Gray, Esq., Miss E. Byrne. SEATED: Mrs. McCausland, Col. Tuck, C.I.E., Mrs. Edwardes, J. C. Powell-Price, Esq., Mrs. Tuck. FRONT ROW: Miss Q. Byrne, Capt. E. M. West, Miss Oakley, Capt. E. L. Davies, Miss A. Edwardes.



By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

MOST of us begin with the alphabet, and this revue, anxious, no doubt, to show that it is as good as we are, does the same. Six-and-twenty pretty girls, each of them sporting a letter of the alphabet by way of a breast-plate, trot on the stage one by one, while the spokesman tells us what the letters stand for. We have, of course, long got past the day when A was an Archer who shot at a Frog, and the individual items of this alphabet stand for things that are far more entertaining. When the pretty girls have been shoo'ed off, as it were, Miss Gertrude Lawrence trips lightly on the stage, and you can see at once that good looks are not the exclusive monopoly of ladies of the chorus. Miss Lawrence is one of the props of the entertainment. She begins in a quiet, orthodox way, but as the revue proceeds she positively bubbles over with rich and riotous humour. Her first song is entitled "Think of all the fun you're missing," which is all right in a way, though as far as my own observation goes people in these days are not missing much.

THEN we have an Author discussing the merits of a play he has written. It is, of course, a masterpiece; but the Actor who has got to play the leading part does not think the character is true to life. It is a question of how the average man would bear the news that his wife had run away with another man. Would he gasp out an uncontrollable sob, or would he just stroll over to the club and tell the boys that he has had a stroke of luck and the drinks are on him? To settle the question,

a Victim is found. The Victim is made to believe that his wife has left him, and you will be able to see for yourselves how he takes the news. Then the author has an entirely new idea. He has thought up a story of a lady who went to a dance, and hurried away on the stroke of twelve midnight, leaving one of her slippers behind her. The Actor is not quite sure whether this is an original idea or not. He cannot get rid of the impression that he has seen something like it in the provinces at pantomime time. And so say all of us! The story of the play matters little, however. It is only a peg on which Miss Elizabeth Pollock hangs her very excellent imitations of two or three of our leading actresses.

ABOUT this time you begin to observe that the entertainment is being very successfully permeated by two charming and indefatigable ladies, the Misses Helen and Josephine Trix. They are called for short "The Trix Sisters," which is not a phrase to spring on a chap late at night as a test of pronunciation. Most would prefer having a shot at walking along the chalk line of tradition. These ladies are vurry Amurrican, but distinctly the goods. Sometimes they appear separately with syncopated solos, and at other times they do a combined hustle through a lively duet. But their most successful turn is when they find themselves together on the stage with no other companion than a grand piano. One of the Six Tricksters—I should say, of course, the Tris Sixters—I mean, Trix Sisters (got it!)—plays with a light, easy touch; and then they both sing and patter together most delightfully. They are even able to mix a little light humour with the dainty sentiment of a typical song of Home, like unto which, as we know, there is no place. Their reception on the night of my visit was so enthusiastic, and the demand for encores so persistent, that Mr. Jack Buchanan was obliged to thrust himself diplomatically through an aperture in the scenery that enclosed the ladies and engage them in conversation in the hope of diverting the attention of the over-enthusiastic audience.

ONE of the scenes is a procession of beautiful ladies in gorgeous frocks specially designed by a famous Parisian dressmaker, I think it only kind to give this warning in time, so that if you are taking your wife to this show you can throw out useful hints beforehand to the effect that you are very short this quarter owing to the size of the wine-merchant's bill or to the fact that another

instalment is due on the new piano. Because most of the ladies who see this procession will probably decide that they must have at least one of those frocks right away; and, between ourselves, they will doubtless be satisfied that they can wear it with quite as much distinction as the lady on the stage is wearing it. But soft! we are observed. Let us talk about something else.

There is a choice little "Limehouse Night" by Mr. Thomas Burke, who has won distinction in this branch of celestial fiction. It is a story of filial devotion. Mr. Ah Kang calls upon Mr. Quong Yip and wishes to say that he is going to give himself the exquisite delight of introducing the police to Mr. Quong Yip's opium den. Mr. Quong Yip is still worrying about this threat when his son, Quong Foo, calls to see him. But the young man has become anglicised, and has even got a job in a London Bank, and Quong Yip cannot tolerate this insult to their noble Chinese ancestry. So Quong Foo goes away and changes his clothes into Chinese and comes back just as Ah Kang has called once more with his offensive threats. Quong Foo at once fatally stabs the fellow for his insolence, and kneels before an image of the Buddha, apparently claiming that he has now wiped out the sin of wearing West End trousers and spats. It is a powerful story, well acted by Mr. Frederick Ross as the old man, Mr. Jack Buchanan as the young one, and Mr. George Hestor as the aggressive person who gets it in the neck.

A scene which provokes a great deal of laughter is called "The Green-Eyed Monster." A husband is jealous of his wife, and one day seeing her in the arms of her dancing master, who has called to give her a lesson, he at once comes to the wrong conclusion and shoots the dancing-master dead. On his wife representing to him, however, that he has killed the wrong man, he decides to make all possible amends in his power. The only thing to be done is to play the scene backwards and thus restore the poor fellow to life, and this is what they do accordingly.

It is a novel idea very humorously carried out, even the dialogue being reversed with a laughable effect. Then there are two knockabout comedians of the kind that always make me laugh,

Laveen and Cross, who perform prodigious feats of strength, and, after that, prodigious feats of spoof.

Going from the ridiculous to the sublime, we have shortly afterwards a daintily picturesque assembly of famous representatives of "The Oldest Game in the World," to wit, Love. The distinguished lovers run down the scale of history from Cupid and Psyche to Don Juan and his Anna, while Darby and Joan (who hardly seem quite at home in that galley!) bring up the rear of the procession. Then there is a wonderful trio by Mr. George Hestor, Mr. Herbert Mundin and Miss Gertrude Lawrence, the last wearing a pair of trousers that look as if they had been made for a bigger boy. The burden of their song is "Why the Income-Tax is Six Bob in the Pound," and though the explanation of the singers may not convince everybody, it certainly makes everybody laugh. Miss Lawrence is particularly successful as a purveyor of convulsing mirth. Mr. Jack Buchanan is well supplied with good songs and his wonderful dancing, is, of course, as fascinating as ever. It has been alleged that you cannot please everybody, but *A to Z* must be well on the way to achieving that exalted ideal.

Jingle

EAVESDROPPING

BY I. TILLARD

If honour permitted we should all be eavesdroppers. There is a fascination—not necessarily illicit—in listening to other people's conversations, especially when they are of an intimate or secret nature. Most of us are curious about the lives of others: that is why we all love gossip. There are so many lives, so many circumstances, with which we can never come into touch—except by eavesdropping. It is impossible for any one man to grasp, or to realise, life as a whole—its aspects border on the infinite. He can only tiptoe about, peeping behind screens, and eavesdropping behind doors. And that is why novel reading—as insidious a habit as drug-taking—has such a hold upon the public. Novel reading is just eavesdropping upon other people's privacies.

Everyone likes to be thrilled: our emotions vitalise us. The shilling shocker is the most popular kind of story because it shocks the emotions, and so administers a fillip to the jaded nerve centres. We can indulge in all kinds of excesses without paying the penalty of an early morning headache or a furred tongue. From the safe and comfortable vantage ground of our armchair we can pry into the most secret chambers of another's heart. We may surprise the miser counting his money, the lover with his lady, the guilty soul alone with the knowledge of his crime, or the devout man at his prayers. We may be present at childbirth, or at the laying out of a corpse. We can, with a propriety not possible in ordinary life, watch our neighbour go to bed. We know exactly what Bert said when he proposed to Rosa. We can unlock all the cupboards and examine the family skeletons. In that last terrible scene between Mr. Smith and his wife, the night before she runs away, we are an unseen listener, drinking in our secret enjoyment, revelling in our stolen sweets. And, finally, when Sir Tom Jones decides to murder Lady Robinson (a murder with which, secretly, we have every sympathy), we are at once in possession of all the sordid details, and we cannot be implicated as accessory either before, or after the act. *Enjoyment without responsibility*: that is the essence of successful eavesdropping.

A PAINTED PAIR By Harry Low

George: "I hear Miss Rouge had a smash in her new car; anything serious?"
She: "Oh, no! A little paint rubbed off both of them, that's all!"

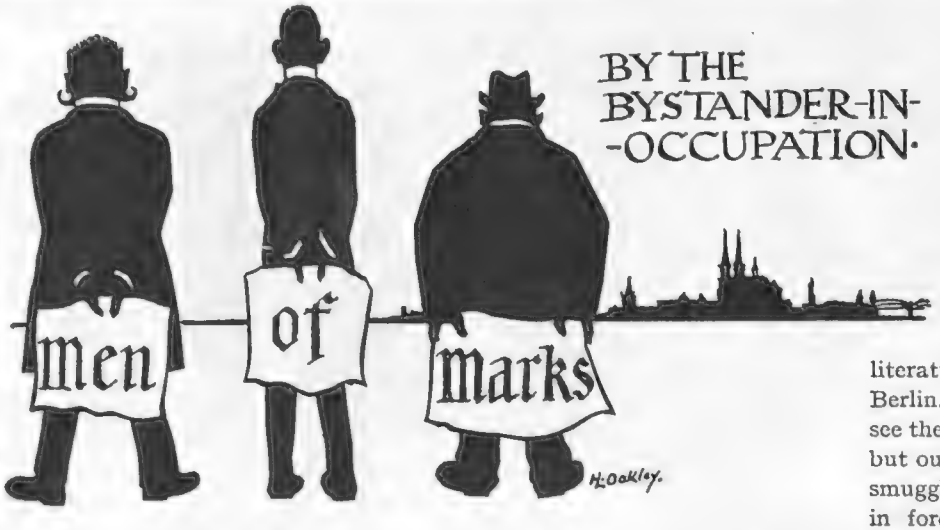
And so we live vicariously. This pseudo-knowledge that we obtain of the weak and the strong, the avaricious and the philanthropic, the foolish and the sublime, means Life to us. We can indulge our appetites to the full, and no one can say us nay. We can gaze into these bright interiors, and we shall not be seen, however closely we press our faces against the window panes. For, officially, we are not there. We are but flickering shadows; ghosts, *incognito*, sitting in the stalls, watching carefully through our opera-glasses the precious life blood pouring forth from some poor player on the stage. We do not have to render First Aid, we shall not be asked to appear in Court.

The truth is that we are afraid to go out and seek life for ourselves. We take great pains that nothing shall ever happen to us . . . we are cowards. All that we dare do in our Safety First Campaign is to sink ourselves, with an abandonment of self-indulgence, into the emotions and adventures of other people. And so we get the newest novel from the library, and ensconce ourselves securely behind our curtain of invisibility, and sitting there in our drugged silence, we listen . . . and listen . . . and listen . . . eavesdropping in the lives of others.

It's the Little Things that Matter

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

MR. BLENNERHASSET TO MRS. B. *(on excursion to crater of Vesuvius)*: "Close your eyes, Jane, dear; another little bit of grit coming down"



BY THE BYSTANDER-IN--OCCUPATION·

It was painful to return from the simplicity of the Tyrolese to witness the demoralisation by sudden wealth of one's own countrymen on the Rhine. In Tyrol, a few foreigners, indeed, bought more than there was any hope of getting past the Austrian customs when the Krone collapsed; the mountain folk themselves merely refused to accept paper money and resorted to barter. But the Rhine army has now the morals of women at a bargain sale, and is rapidly transferring the contents of the Hohestrasse shops to its billets, regardless of their uselessness.

Old Bill is investing heavily in dirt cheap opera scores. His officers are buying anything from motor-cars to Dachshunds that the unwilling Rhinelander can be persuaded or coerced into exchanging for the product of Berlin's overworked printing-press. The sight of two of the leading lights of British Cologne's entertainment world careering wildly from bargain to bargain on newly acquired bicycles amidst the shrieks of terrified Rhinelanders, rudely awakened out of their accustomed mid-street slumbers, was distressing enough; luckily the rumour that another well-known figure, "The Queen," was to be seen daily solemnly ascending and descending the Hohestrasse on a seven-and-sixpenny tricycle proved entirely without foundation. People who hoped to repeat and better in the canteen the "coups" of 1919, and secure their pet whisky at half-a-crown a bottle, found that, rapidly as the mark fell, it could hardly keep pace with the canteen board's intelligent anticipation of its worthlessness. One man, of an ingenious, but malicious, temperament, seized the opportunity to write a couple of dozen short letters, sending them through the post at a cost of a halfpenny each to all his most detested relatives in England, who were each obliged to spend 3*d.* on a reply.

And the Rhinelander? He wags his head solemnly, as well he may, at the realisation that not only his food, but everything he buys from abroad will cost him more—twice as much as it did six weeks ago. So, incidentally, will the dollars and other "sound" currency which he has to buy to pay Reparation debts. If he is a business man, he consoles himself with the thought that his power of underselling England and other countries with strong exchanges has been exactly doubled during the same period. If he is an employé, he has no consolation, except to mutter darkly about strikes and write for copies of their latest literature to Lenin's agents in Berlin. Reputable British traders see their last hopes of business gone, but our old friend the Schieber and smuggler is back across the frontier in force. Soon London may be expected to fill up again with well-known makes of English and American razors—made in Solingen, smuggled out in odd dozens, falsely stamped on the other side of the German customs line and offered for sale at astonishingly moderate prices by persons of indubitably Allied and neutral nationality. Aachen and Mainz are full of mysterious drivers of mysterious motor-lorries with a fondness for country lanes near the frontier, and the Rhineland shopkeeper is occupied in the strange ambition of keeping down sales to the minimum. The procession of huge cars and vans of all sorts, laden with everything from condensed milk to grand pianos, *en route* for the French, Dutch, and Belgian frontiers is one of the sights of Cologne.

Some people, of course, are buying marks. But even in the Strand they give a bob for five thousand Russian roubles, don't they? Eric Gordon

Silhouettes by H. L. Oakley

"The morals of women at a bargain sale"

Evading the Omnipresent Orangeade

BY HELEN McKIE

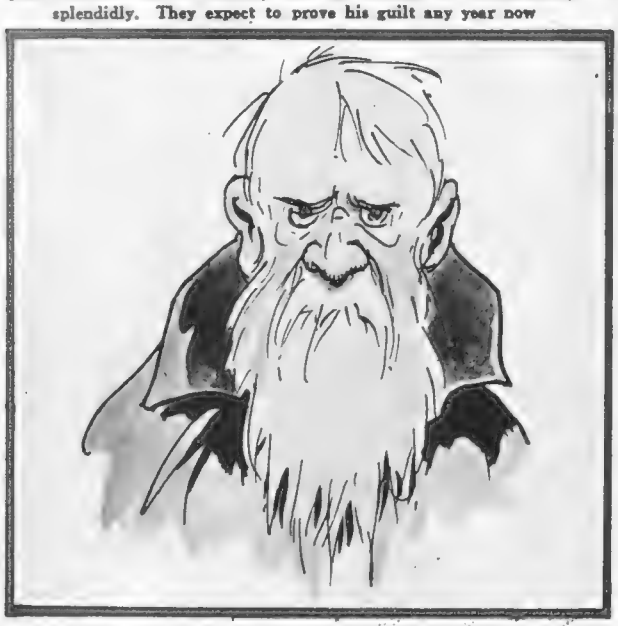
THE FINE ART OF GETTING A DRINK

You may be rich, you may be poor, but you must, even now, know your London to get a drink after 10.30. Country cousins should borrow a flask

Jules Bonbon, in custody for the murder of his wife at Creme-de-Menthe. Evidence is to be collected to prove his guilt beyond doubt

TEN YEARS LATER

Jules Bonbon, still in custody, but the evidence is accumulating splendidly. They expect to prove his guilt any year now



By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

TWENTY YEARS LATER

Acquitted! Without a stain on his character. The evidence proved beyond doubt that his wife died from a sting by a cab-horse

What I have noticed about French law

Uncle John's Last Game

Uncle John played his last game for the season on one of those exotic days in October whose entry into this country should have been taxed, as should also the scientasters who tried to explain them away in the Press. "Will you caddie for me?" he asked at breakfast, and, with mouth full of hospitable bacon, I could not reply in the negative. The game of golf I hate intensely from A to Z and from tee to tee.

* * *

"I had intended," said Uncle John, "to lay my clubs in their winter-quarters on the day that we retrograded the clock, but this phenomenal weather, and the phenomenal impudence of that man Smith, ——well, well. Do you know, William, the fellow still thinks he can give me a game, and last month on his own course I gave him five bisques and beat him four and three, and the game before that I allowed him half and was dormy six at the twelfth."

"Really," I said.

* * *

The game began at ten-forty, and as I have no knowledge of the jargon, I must describe it as best I can. Uncle John toed the line at the first butt with great *éclat*, and delivered a mighty service which resulted in a miscue. Seizing another pogo-pole from his quiver, he hit a boundary. Luckily the ball landed in a forest, and I found the shade very acceptable for a couple of cigarette-lengths. By that time there was a mixed double bumping us, so he threw in the sponge. In the second stage he attempted a number of hurdles with varying success, and came down heavily at the big sand-jump.

* * *

I made friends with a sheep and taught it to beg while he was manœuvring for position at the top of the table. That settled number two. The third game found him in better form. He reached the lawn in three, but proceeded there to run up a big break without a single white loser in the middle pocket. In the fourth chukker he again kicked into touch and muttered something about losing stroke and distance. As the stroke was a rotten one and the distance negligible I didn't see that it mattered. From that point the set proceeded with monotonous regularity and perspiration. Just outside the fifth court they were deuce, but Uncle John bowled a googly which broke into the ditch beyond.

* * *

At seven love we allowed the rather unmannerly males and semi-males behind us to take the lead, and I hoped for the best which was not long in coming. Uncle John was nine down at the turn, and in his next turn he took nine to get down. That meant checkmate, so we skipped the last eight and played the bye, in which I took part, at the nineteenth. The honours there went to Uncle John.

I. B. N.

The TALK of the TOWN

The Gilbert & Sullivan Operas at Princes Theatre.

"FREDERICK"
Derek Oldham in "The Pirates of Penzance"

The Pirates of Penzance

BERTHA LEWIS AS "RUTH" IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"

THE PIRATES WITH THEIR KING

Photographs

THE PIRATE KING
Mr. Darrell Fancourt in this famous light opera

Stage Photo Co.

THE PIRATE AND THE "BOBBY"
Samuel, Mr. Sydney Granville, and the Sergeant of Police, Leo Sheffield

Before the D'Oyly Carte Company leave London, they will present this opera with "Trial by Jury" once more in February

THE FAIR CASILDA
Miss Helen Gilliland as the heroine of this opera

The Gondoliers

THE DUCHESS OF PLAZA-TORO
Miss Bertha Lewis

Photographs

THE GONDOLIERS AND THEIR LOVERS
The beautiful Catherine Ferguson as Tessa, Sydney Granville as Guiseppe and Derek Oldham as Marco, the two Gondoliers, with Elsie Griffin as Gianetta

MR. LEO SHEFFIELD
The Grand Inquisitor, Don Alhambra, whom he impersonates very impressively

"The Gondoliers," perhaps the greatest favourite, opened the Season in early October

RICHARD DAUNTLESS
The merry sailor (Derek Oldham), who endeavours to help the "Bold Bad Baronet's" love affair

FIERCE DAME HANNAH AND THE "PROFESSIONAL BRIDESMAIDS"
Miss Bertha Lewis is always excellent in these "strong" parts

Ruddigore

POOR MAD MARGARET!
Miss Catherine Ferguson, pleads with Sir Despard Murgatroyd, Leo Sheffield

MORE DIRE DEEDS TO BE DONE!
Robert McQueen as Old Adam, the faithful servant, with his master, Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd, Henry Lytton

Stage Photo Co.

A delightful opera this, giving Mr. Henry Lytton ample scope for his humour

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (*concluded*)

THE INIMITABLE HENRY LYTTON
As Bunthorne, acting with Bertha Lewis, Lady Jane

Patience

MISS HELEN GILLILAND
Playing the name part of this opera

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

THE LOVE-SICK MAIDENS OUTSIDE BUNTHORNE CASTLE

"Patience," the satire on æstheticism, commenced at the Princes on Monday and had, as have all the other operas, a great reception

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

MONTE CARLO FROM LA TURBIE

An unusual photograph of Monte Carlo and Monaco (on right) taken from La Turbie on the Corniche Road. The Riviera Season has commenced much earlier this year, and many are already out there, while the hotels will be overflowing for Christmas. Our Special Riviera Number should be borne in mind—it appears next week

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

STUPID "GUIDES" AND STUPID "ARTISTS"

MES AMIS—

IT has been the discussion to everlast between Fernande and the "present scribe"—(I have found that in an old English book)—who are the most stupidest people in Paris. And we had just come to agree when there has been thrust upon us the affair of the *Salon d'Automne*. We had established an *entente cordiale* on the fact that the most stupidest creatures were the men who have placed themselves at the front of the offices of Mr. Thomas Cook, and have asked the people who go by: "Do you want a guide, sir?" I have the information that they have not anything to do really with Mr. Thomas Cook, but have made the selection of this spot because there are the many visitors who have the habit to wander thereabouts for the information.

WELL, you would have the expectation that the men who do make the claim to have the memory for the places should also possess the memory for the faces, is it not? It is, at the least, an unexcessive demand that they should confine their offers for the pilotage in Paris to the strangers. But the position is the exactly contrary. That is why we disputants have come to the agreement about their stupidity. It is for me the necessity to pass this station of the pilots perhaps the half-dozen times in the day, for the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Place de l'Opera is of necessity in the "daily rounds." Well, I have not ever the success to negotiate this centre to solicit without to be asked, "Do you want a guide, sir?"

"Do you want a guide, sir?"

AT the first one has felt the pleasurableness of the flattery. I have thought it has been an unconscious tribute to the cut of my clothes. Because that I have the habit to have them made by an English tailor, I have imagined they have believed I have just arrived from to be dressed in the Savile Row. And that, of course, is sufficient to bring the great satisfaction to any Frenchman. It has been the effort of my practical English friend, Harry, to make collapse a little of the self-estimation when he has said, "Oh, it is merely because you wear your trousers with the turned-up bottoms, while the Frenchman

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

in general wears them with the single-edge. If these stupid owls would have the brains to look at your face instead of to look at the bottom of your trousers, they would remember you after a week at the most, and would not waste the ridiculous inquiries upon you."

After this there has not been left much of the self-flattery about the Savile Row, but the *petits restes* have made the complete vanishment under the words of scorn of Fernande. For, not content to pose me their demand when I have been alone, the marvellous sight-revealers have asked, "Do you want a guide, sir?" when I have crossed the terrible corner in the company of Fernande. And Fernande has been very angry. "*C'est ce qu'ils me prennent pour une Anglaise!*" she has exclaimed, most haughtily. It is as terrible a disaster to a Parisienne to be mistaken for an *Anglaise* as it is a compliment to a well-tailored Parisian to be thought to be an Englishman. So you will understand the fury of Fernande.

"This Salon is just terrible"

Well, I have said that Fernande and I had taken together the decision that these *types* are the most stupid persons in Paris, until we have made the visit to the *Salon d'Automne*. And then we have had to make the new agreement that they possess the serious rivals in the *jeunes* among the artists. For this *Salon* is just terrible in the stupidity. It has always been the requirement that the art should at least have the object of the beauty. But not the least remembrance of this appears to have lingered with the majority of the *revolutionaires* who have made the exhibits at the Autumn *Salon*. It has seemed, in fact, that the search has been for the extremities of the ugliness.

"And Fernande has been very angry"

The *jeunes* have seemed to have outrun the schools of the Futurism and the Cubism and the Dadaism and the Tataism, and have found not anything to replace except the monstrosities in the flesh. It is, perhaps, possible that it is once again that the newspapers have been responsible by the reports of the dreadful crimes and the outrages. There has been in the summer a number to disturb of the crimes in which the victims have been cut or chopped into the little pieces. And all of these have been described in the great detail. It is, no doubt, this which has filled the heads of the *jeunes* with the horrid spectacles. And as they are the realists they have sought to place the gruesome upon the canvas.

On the day of the *vernissage* one has heard on all the sides the remark, "*Comme c'est terrible le nouvel art.*" It has appeared that these extravagantists have chosen the most ugliest women and have painted them in the most grossest postures. There have not ever been such legs of the tree-trunk proportions—unless it is in Germany. Yet the pictures of the legs, which have the resemblance to the towers of the Cologne Cathedral, have amounted to almost the craze among the scores of exhibitors. It is, *par exemple*, a matter for the wonder how there has been secured the unanimity in this direction.

One has the inclination to suspect that the *jeunes* have drawn from the same model and that she is the fat lady from one of the circuses. It may have been that they have founded what is known in Paris as a co-operative—in the desire to reduce the expense of the models. But it has ended only in the ugliness and the ghastliness which is, in the view of the spectator, just the crassest of stupidness.

ROLAND

Very Ticklish!

BY WILMOT LUNT.

"I met Captain Smith the other evening. He's grown an absurd Charlie Chaplin moustache. I was never so tickled in all my life"

"PROS" AND CONS

BY HIGGINS

HIS FIRST LOVE

BY HOLLOWAY HORN

JOHN BRACKMAN turned his car into the little, straggling High Street of Lyme Regis, and thence up the hill to the ancient hotel where he and his wife usually stayed.

The journey from Salisbury had tired Mrs. Brackman, and as her husband helped her to alight she looked every day of her fifty years. Her hair was flecked with grey, but there was a smile in her warm, deep eyes as she thanked him.

He took her arm with an odd gentleness as she went up the hotel steps.

"You'd better lie down for an hour, my dear," he said, as they passed into the dimly lit entrance-hall. "You seem very tired."

"But what will you do?" she asked. "I hate leaving you alone."

"I shall walk along to the end of the Cobb, I think, and watch the waves breaking over the rocks."

She smiled again. "I'm getting an old woman, John," she said. "I should love to come with you, but ——" She left her sentence unfinished, and conveyed her meaning with one of those eloquent little gestures which were a part of her.

He watched her as she followed the maid upstairs, and then turned away.

A happy marriage?

Remarkably so, as marriages go. It had stood the test of the years, and that *is* a test, in spite of what the cynics say.

John Brackman made his way to the sea-front. He was a young man of fifty-five, with the keen face of one whose faculties have been fully used.

He glanced for a few moments at the fishermen on the beach auctioning their catch, and then passed up to the Cobb.

This fifteenth-century breakwater had always exerted a strange fascination on him. For generations the sea had wasted its passion on the sloping, imperturbable walls. In a sense he regarded it as typical of man's answer to the mighty challenge of the ocean.

But that day it was not the skill of the mediæval engineers which thrilled Brackman. Nor was it the wistful beauty of the venerable grey structure which Jane Austin, in her gentle, subtle, womanly way has caught in the pages of "Persuasion." It was a memory.

He quickened his pace as he approached the ancient iron seat clamped into the stones at the end of the Cobb.

It was an evening in early autumn; he was the only person on the breakwater. The sea lashed the rocks ahead of him with its age-old fury. Far out, a liner was making its way down Channel, and already its lights were beginning to twinkle, just as if it were answering the first, faint, questioning stars. . . .

But John Brackman saw neither the sea nor the liner, nor even the dainty red-sailed yacht which was making for the shelter of the Cobb against the coming night. The world around him had fallen away. He was looking straight out through the years . . . to another autumn day. And, of course, to a girl.

She was standing, her arms held out, leaning a little towards him. Once again he saw in the depths of her eyes that soft, embracing warmth.

Gonda! His first love!

He remembered the hat she was wearing; the long yellow ribbons fluttered around her shoulders.

A smile lit up his face; in that moment it was the face of a boy.

They had sat, hand in hand, on that same ancient seat, looking out

POOR MOTHER! By Frank Sherwin

OLD LADY: "Are you lost, little girl?"
SMALL CHILD: "Oh, no, thanks, but mother is"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"HIS FIRST LOVE" (*concluded*)

shyly towards the open sea . . . twenty-five years ago.

The memory was too vivid, too poignant! Brackman closed his eyes.

And in that second, across half a lifetime, once again her kiss tingled on his lips, once again he was conscious of her heart making mad tumult near to his.

Her dim, dark hair!

And the wonder of her love-lit eyes!

The fluttering smile was hovering like a butterfly on his mouth. Or, perhaps, it was just the memory of that magic kiss.

. . . . . .

But this is all very well in its place. John Brackman was fifty-five and it was an autumn night. He shivered, opened his eyes, and the years closed up again. The same old waves were breaking over the same old rocks, but there was a mist coming in from the sea which was not good for one with a bronchial weakness. The little red-sailed yacht was safely tucked away in the harbour and it was time for him to return to the wife whom he had left in the hotel.

He rose, stretched his arms, and began to make his way back along the Cobb to the town which was already merging into the twilight.

Mrs. Brackman was not yet down when her husband reached the hotel and he decided not to disturb her. The first gong had gone before he went up to their room.

By Victor Hicks

WOMAN'S COMPLEMENTARY SHADOW

"The difference in sex is principally artificial. A mere shadow in fact!"—*A Harley Street Doctor*

To his surprise he discovered that she was already dressed. She had put on the black frock he liked, and was wearing the opals he had bought for her the previous year in Paris.

"Did you get to the end of the Cobb, dear?" she asked, as he entered.

"Rather!" he said, cheerfully. "It's just the same old place y'know."

She turned to him and smiled. An embracing, understanding smile. They had come a long way together, these two. . . .

"I can see you've quite got over that tiredness," he said.

"Yes, dear, I have."

"I'm so glad! You're looking splendid to-night. Splendid!"

"We strive to please," she said, with a mocking curtsey.

"There's not a girl in the hotel, I'll warrant, that can hold a candle to you!"

"Fudge!" she said, but with a delighted laugh. "You're just the same old flatterer that you always were. You haven't changed a bit!"

"*You* haven't," he replied. "Just now," he continued, with a wonderful gentleness in his voice, "on the old seat at the end of the Cobb I saw you as you were the night I asked you to marry me. You haven't changed a bit, Gonda!" Holloway Horn

NEXT WEEK!—Nov. 23rd.

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BY WILTON WILLIAMS

No. I.—"THE GUARDS"

A Storm in the Offing!

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

WHAT ARE THE WILD WIVES SAYING?

By Field, Stream & Covert

Photograph *Central News*

SIR WILLIAM AUSTIN, MASTER OF THE SUFFOLK, TAKES HIS HOUNDS TO THE MEET DESPITE THE SNOW

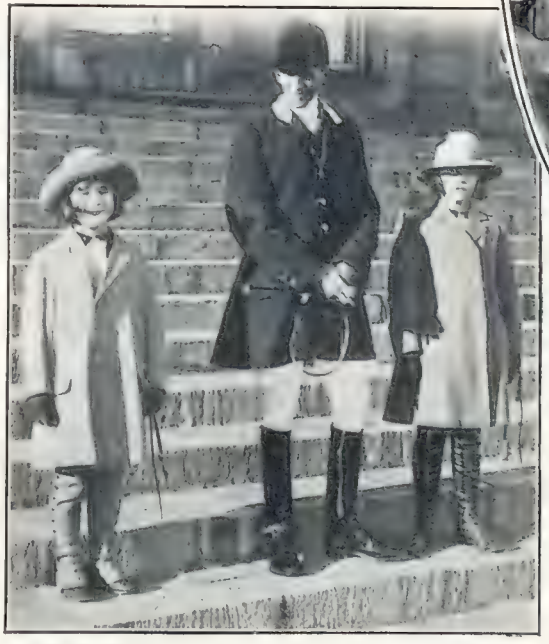
HUNTING NOTES. By A. W. COATEN

Hard Up!

FOXHUNTING is practically unique among field sports in that many of its followers can be found who are ready to devote most of their leisure time and a considerable amount of money to providing sport for other people, who get off comparatively cheaply. Not long ago, Mr. George Fitzwilliam stated that the famous Milton pack had cost him and his forebears something like £80,000. It is a stupendous figure, but there is no reason to suppose that it is in any way exaggerated. The experience of the Fitzwilliams is paralleled by that of the Somersets, the Pelhams, and other great foxhunting families. But in these days of tremendous taxation and high prices the "old nobility" of the hunting-field are unable to carry on in the same open-handed way as of yore. Mr. Fitzwilliam, for example, has lately thrown out a hint that he will have to retire at the end of the present season unless the finances of his hunt are drastically revised. It is evident that monetary problems are going to be the source of trouble in many countries.

Parting Gifts

ONE of the most delightful amenities of foxhunting is the custom of making a presentation to an outgoing M.F.H. who has shown good sport. At recent opening meets there have been quite a number of these pleasant little incidents. Mr. Cyril Scott and his wife have been the recipients of a presentation from the followers of the North Cotswold Hounds. The presentation was richly deserved, for Mr. Scott has done great work for the North Cotswold country. His pack was one of the most beautiful in England and was bred with scrupulous care. Mr. Scott's successor is Mr. Bernard Kidd, who has had previous experience in the West Kent and Oakley countries. Profiting by his early experiences with the Trinity Foot at Cambridge, Mr. Kidd is one of the most capable huntsmen of the day. North Cotswold sport should be safe in his hands.



Photograph *D. Smith*

ACTING HOSTESSES FOR THEIR MOTHER

Lady Joan Hope and Lady Anne Hope, in the absence of their mother, Lady Linlithgow, acted as hostesses to the members of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt at Hopetoun House—the residence of Lord and Lady Linlithgow. They are seen with the Master of the Hunt, Mr. J. H. Rutherford

Photograph *Photo Press*

LADY MARY FITZMAURICE

With the Whaddon Chase Hounds at Creslow, Bucks, last week for the opening meet. Lady Mary is a daughter of the Master, Lord Orkney

With the Belvoir

AMONG packs in the Shires which began the regular season last week were the Belvoir Hounds. They met at Croxton Park, a fixture which has been associated with some first-rate sport in the past. This time the conditions were by no means ideal after the sharp frost.

BY FIELD, STREAM, AND COVERT (concluded)

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE KING'S HOST

The Earl of Iveagh, who has been entertaining His Majesty at Elveden Hall, Suffolk, where, although they have had heavy falls of snow, some good bags were secured

Horses were inclined to slither about on the greasy ground. Hounds, however, found a serving scent in the afternoon, and there was plenty of life about the gallop from Burbidge's covert. One promising run was spoilt by the fox being headed by a motor-car, an incident which should give motorists a timely warning of the harm they may do by endeavouring to follow the hounds by car. A. W. C.

Photograph *Topical Press*

"IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH"

The opening meet of the Zetland Hunt at Aske Hall, Richmond, Yorks, was postponed on account of the snow. From left to right: The Marquis of Zetland, an ex-Master, Mr. H. Straker, the present Master of the Zetland Hounds, and Sir W. Wilson Todd, yet another ex-Master of the Zetland, decide against hunting in the snow

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The Grand Sefton

As usual, the Grand Sefton proved a Grand National in miniature, and gave us a delightful race. Those brilliant cross-country horsemen, Frank Rees and Jack Anthony, were seen to great advantage on their respective mounts. Norton had a bit too much speed on the flat for that gallant old plodder, The Turk II., and that advantage gave him the victory. So far as I could see the winner was perfectly at home over these tremendous fences, and he is one we shall have to keep on the safe side in the Grand National. The Irish crack, Bohernore, did not give an unblemished display of jumping, but he managed to get round all right, and will probably do better the next time he runs at Aintree. It is satisfactory to see new blood in 'chasing come to the front in this way.

For Manchester

The Manchester November Handicap is one of the few surviving races which still provoke ante-post betting. Which will be favourite when the first quotations appear? I venture to suggest that Tremola is sure to be a well-backed horse. Last week I tried in vain to get 20 to 1 about him. This colt made a good impression upon me by his running, both at Stockton and Doncaster, and I look upon him as decidedly well handicapped. There is no better-looking three-year-old in training. The distance should suit him exactly, and I think you will not go far wrong in taking an interest in him for the Manchester race. Another who I am convinced will run well is Lord Quex. His race at Liverpool last week will bring him on considerably.

By "The Tout"

MAJOR E. C. CLAYTON

Who enjoys the distinction of being the oldest owner on the Turf. His horses are successfully trained by S. Darling. Major Clayton is here seen out with the Cottesmore, of which pack he is an enthusiastic follower

Derby Cup

This week the Derby Cup is the chief event. I am writing these notes before seeing the race for the Liverpool Cup, which will probably throw some interesting light on Derby prospects. I am, however, fully prepared to see Redhead carry top weight with distinction on Friday. I am afraid she is a mare of moods, but when caught at her best she is a real clipper. So much, indeed, she demonstrated at Ayr, and on that form she possesses a great chance this week. If Mr. Dick Dawson sends Aymestry to Derby I shall be inclined to back him each way on the strength of what I saw at Newbury. He was very unlucky on that occasion in being pinched on the rails, and I am sure there is a good race in him. I shall make **Redhead** my selection, at the same time recommending a little on Aymestry win and place.

Other Good Races

There will be several other attractive events at Derby. On Wednesday, for example, the Chesterfield Nursery will bring out a field of smart youngsters. I believe **Isle of Wight** was a little unlucky at Aintree, and he may be the winner here. Sir Ernest Paget is so keen on winning at Derby that we may see Paragon in the field for the Markeaton Plate, in spite of his big weight. My selection is **Santaquest.** Another of Sir Ernest Paget's, **Re-echo,** may take the Osmaston Nursery on Thursday, while **Sangot** may secure the Chatsworth Plate. Hurst Park will have a strong programme for us at the end of the week, and I hope the new two-year-old race will achieve the success it deserves. **West Countryman** may win the Osterley Handicap.

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SPORTS & PASTIMES

R. H. O'BRIEN

Who captained the Middlesex team at Queen's Club on Thursday last, in their match against Kent, in the Rugby Union County Championship. He scored a try and led the Middlesex forwards extremely well all through

W. D. DOHERTY

Captain of the Guy's Hospital Rugby team, who beat Cambridge University, at Cambridge, on Wednesday last, by 16 points to 12. He missed his train, and only arrived in time to play in the second half, when his presence among his forwards virtually decided the issue of the match

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS IN LAST WEEK'S "RUGGER"

Photographs Sport and General

R. E. BROWN

Captain of the Kent team against Middlesex at Queen's Club last Thursday, and one of the most prominent players on the side. Middlesex were the ultimate winners of a high-scoring game by 23 points to 14

THE EX-AMATEUR AND HIS CLUB

A Knotty Problem

WHEN an amateur player of any game becomes a professional, what is his position as regards membership of the club, or clubs, to which he belongs? Prominence has been given to this question by the fact that several lawn tennis players, including two of great eminence, have recently taken up the teaching of the game for reward, which is sufficient to rob them of their amateur status, even if the teaching of the game is only a means of supplementing their incomes and not their sole source of livelihood. Nor is the question one which affects lawn tennis players only, for I believe I am right in saying that in any form of sport those who go in for coaching and get paid for it are professionals.

Begging the Question

I HAVE heard it argued that when a man turns "pro." he *ipso facto* ceases to be a member of his club because the club must be deemed to be one which was meant and intended for amateur players only. But this argument assumes the very thing that has got to be proved, and that is where the trouble comes in. A candidate for election to a sports club of any kind would, obviously, stand a very poor chance of being elected to it unless he was an amateur, and, consequently, a rule to the effect that membership of the club is confined to amateurs is not really needed. I don't suppose there is one club in fifty which has such a rule, and, failing one, I doubt very much whether a member of a club, on ceasing to be an amateur, is under any legal obligation to resign his membership.

Principle v. Expediency

ANOTHER argument is that the average man who plays lawn tennis or any other game would feel that he was under a moral obligation, if he became a professional, to leave his club, and would do so without stopping to enquire what were his actual rights and legal position. Possibly he might, but it is quite conceivable that he might not. It might be very desirable, for instance, from a business point of view, that he should retain his membership. The temptation to do so might, for this or other reasons, be very strong, although there might be an equally strong feeling in the club—quite irrespective of any personal considerations—that he ought to resign as a matter of principle.

An Idea for a Way Out

I KNOW of one case of a player who has become a professional in which he and his fellow club-members are equally desirous that he should carry on as before, but, at the same time, they all have the feeling that, on principle, they are wrong. "We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go," has, in fact, cropped up again in a new guise. This shows the difficulty of the whole question. I have one solution to offer which may be worth considering. Certain professional golfers of eminence have been made honorary members of the clubs with which they have been most closely associated. I suggest that a similar course might be adopted by the members of a lawn tennis club or of any club devoted to amateur sport when one of its members, who is in all respects a *persona grata* with the rest, becomes a professional, doubtless owing to force of circumstances, and so ceases in actual fact to be one of themselves. Broadly speaking, an honorary member of a club enjoys all the privileges of full membership, except the right to vote at meetings and the right to play in the club's competitions. A professional would not wish to exercise either of them.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

'Varsity Vicissitudes

AT the end of September I was bold enough to prophesy that for this year's 'Varsity match,

(*Continued on page 387*)

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LADY CARISBROOKE PUTTING ON THE THIRD GREEN AT HANGER HILL

Where she was one of nearly a hundred players who took part in a ladies' field day in aid of Earl Haig's fund for the disabled, all the entry money being appropriated to the fund. She afterwards presented the prizes to the successful competitors

A FIELD DAY FOR EARL HAIG'S FUND

THE WALL GAME

—Nothing to do with the Eton Game of that name—as played by Mrs. Preston on her way to the fourth green. This wall is a fruitful source of tribulation at Hanger Hill

Photographs *Sport and General*

WAITING TO DRIVE OFF FROM THE FIRST TEE

Left to right: Mrs. Lamplough, Mrs. McNair, Mrs. Lewis Smith and Mrs. Deane. Mrs. Deane won the scratch prize, and Mrs. Lamplough, who, like Mrs. McNair, is also a crack lawn-tennis player, tied with Mrs. F. W. Brown for second place

which is due to be played at Twickenham on December 8, the sides would be well above the average, and would give us a match of exceptional interest. Last year's game was a very fine one, and since a large number of old Blues are still "up" at both Universities a repetition of it was certainly indicated; but it must be confessed that neither side has, so far, quite fulfilled expectations. Both captains have had plenty of men to choose from, and, possibly because they have felt bound to give every likely candidate a thorough trial, the process of knitting their teams together into one harmonious whole has been somewhat delayed. However, there are distinct possibilities about both sides, and three weeks still remain for the translation of potential into actual strength, so that I am not yet despairing about the fulfilment of my prophecy.

Oxford's Weak Point

OXFORD in their second match overwhelmed the redoubtable Gloucester team by 33 points to 3. They have done nothing quite comparable to this since, and I incline to the belief that they have been trying themselves a little too high. Their match with Newport on the

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

Monday of last week, for instance, was the fifth in which they had engaged in the course of ten days. Had they been fresher they would very likely have won, for they led at half-time by 7 points to 4, and were only beaten in the end by a point. They have plenty of attacking power, but in order to attack you must have the ball, and their forwards are not as good as they should be at the solid scrummage work which is the prelude to the getting of it. When an attack is once started they are very quick at joining in and helping the backs to carry it on; but they will have some stout scrummagers against them on December 8, and must stiffen their ranks accordingly.

Good Cambridge Forwards

CAMBRIDGE, like Oxford, began well. They beat the Harlequins easily and were a shade unlucky to lose to Leicester in a very even game, but after that they went back rather than forward, and in their match against the London Scottish, although they won it, they were very unconvincing. It is true that they had Stanley Cook playing stand-off half instead of in his proper place at centre three-quarter and that that experiment was a failure, but even allowing for this, the back play was far below the usual 'Varsity mark. The forwards, however, were good, and since then the whole side has been strengthened behind the scrummage and improved generally. Nor is there any reason why, when the fateful day arrives, the Cambridge forwards should not be as good as they were last year.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

SIX IN A BUNCH

In the hurdle race between Downing and Selwyn Colleges on the occasion of the first of the series of competitions for the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Championship at Cambridge on the Monday of last week, when Downing beat Selwyn by 60⅓ to 39⅔ points. This particular race was won by B. G. W. Atkinson, of Downing, in 19 sec.

Weighing Them Up

BEHIND the scrummage Cambridge have in K. R. J. Saxon the speediest three-quarter in either team—a man always capable of turning half a chance into a whole one; but I think that both the Cooks, Stanley in the centre and Douglas on the wing, have yet to touch their last year's form, and that the Oxford three-quarters, as a line (with V. R. Price playing better than ever in the centre), should prove as strong as the Cambridge four. At half-back Oxford, with Campbell and Lawton, should have a decided advantage, and this should suffice to turn the scale wholly in their favour unless the Cambridge forwards can gain the complete mastery in the scrummages. Each side is no doubt devoutly hoping that the tipsters will all plump for the other for it has become almost axiomatic that the 'Varsity "Rugger" match is won by the non-favourites.

H. S. S.

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COMPARISONS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

COMPARISONS are not odious, they are illuminating.

To-day the community is so taxed to the hilt that however large or small an income may be it remains a problem to make both ends meet. Therefore, it becomes essential to compare very carefully the varying prices and values of the commodities of life.

The disgusting fact which destroys one's faith in human nature is that whilst in most instances prices since 1914 have soared to giddy avaricious heights, quality has degenerated to a deplorable level of inferiority. Anything will do for the much-abused public. "It's your money we want" is the ruling principle, "and damn your esteem."

For 12s. 6d. one is conceded a bottle of poisonous whisky, the only virtue of which is that it is conducive to vicious writing. Gone is the mellow 4s. spirit of pre-war days and its inconsequent mellifluous inspiration. And for the insignificant sum of 1s. a Bolshevik laundress will vengefully tear one's soft and innocent shirt to shreds. And the light of our dimmed lives is reflected by safety matches which have blazoned up from 1½d. to 10d. a dozen.

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Stalwarts New and Old—

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

—Of the Famous Newport "Rugger" Fifteen

The Newport Club in Wales occupies an eminence analogous to that of Blackheath in England. Of the players depicted above Edwards, Shea, Wetter and Whitfield are Internationals, and Baker has been playing so well at full-back, that he is regarded as certain of gaining his Welsh Cap. The rare distinction of beating Newport was recently achieved by the Harlequins.

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

I SUPPOSE that most of us have at one time or another looked askance at big "business," though it is hardly likely that, like Abraham Cowley, we should have called it "that grave impertinence." It would seem that to be successful in finance, you must find in it the same excitement as uncommercial folk find in reading or creating or playing games. If, in other words, you don't love the game for its own sake, better leave it alone. (And if the game in this case produces more money for the player than most games do, even in these days of highly paid professionals, and is played with hands not always too clean, what matter?) It was the discovery that social ideals and big business pull opposite ways which forced the George Penkevil who is the chief character of Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel, *The Grave Impertinence* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), to make his choice.

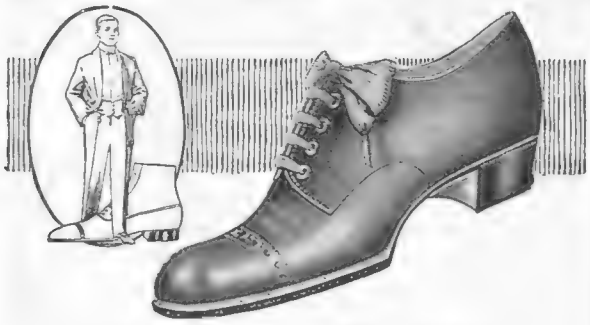
THE story is, unfortunately, less interesting than its background. Incidentally you wonder why the young designer of his industrial village, who has all the appearance of being the book's hero in the earlier chapters, should halfway retire into a secondary position. But you understand well enough General Dunster's opposition to the Penkevil scheme, and you are subtly pleased at the way in which the business Mendozas allow their partner, Penkevil, to go apart. He was never really one of themselves. Business to him was no more than a means to an end: to them it is and always will be—well, business. It is difficult to criticise this book, and I can heartily recommend it. It is thoughtful and unusual, and gets down on to paper scores of those vague ideas which keep flitting restlessly in the minds of men and women who are not prepared to be satisfied with things as they are. And it leaves you with the desire to go to the author and say: "Look here, you know, I want to talk about these things with you for a while. I want to know what you think . . ." Which is meant for a compliment to Mr. Marriott's art.

IT is lamentable to find that gracious writer, Mr. Edwin Pugh, putting his name to a dreary and impossible melodrama like *The Way of the Wicked* (Heath Cranton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). The kindest thing is to suppose that the story was devised for the cinematograph. In cold print it reads like a nightmare. The people are puppets and the situations far-fetched and absurd. Where, oh where, is the author of *Punch and Judy* and *Tony Drum*?

Philip Basing, the hero of Henrietta Leslie's *Conflict* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a likeable person. I think that he was, perhaps, a little unfortunate in his choice of a mother, for he was more or less forced into the position of a Labour leader. A business career helps him to turn Liberal, but he is not very happy even then. His marriage with Bidwin is not a great success, but then he ought to have married Monica. In the end he gets rid of the great conflict in his soul by leaving his political career to take care of itself. A very readable story.

Adrian Grey (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.*) by Joan Sutherland, tells a pleasant little story of modern political people. Adrian is a clever young man with a mysterious vice. He is forced into an unpleasant position by a girl-cousin, whence it follows that his love for Anne Wharncliffe is not allowed to follow a very smooth path. But when the vice is got rid of, things go well. The book is carefully written. R. S.

His Majesty the King has been pleased to accept a copy of the autobiography of Brigadier-General J. M. Gordon, C.B., entitled *The Chronicles of a Gay Gordon*, recently published by the House of Cassell.



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Branches:—London—227, Oxford St., W.1.—139-140, Cheapside, E.C.2.—80, Strand, W.C.2.—30, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.—15, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.—135, Regent St., W. 1. Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham (2 shops), Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow, Edinburgh Belfast, Cambridge, Brighton, Cardiff, Paris (2 shops), Lyons, The Hague, Brussels.

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Including 10 feet of flex.

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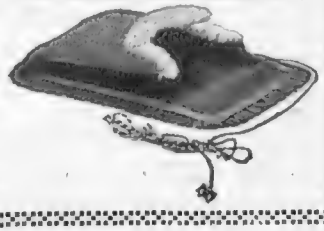

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supplied to dealers and garages in bulk, for resale through kerbside petrol plants, with the stipulation that "Shell" is to be stored and retailed separately—

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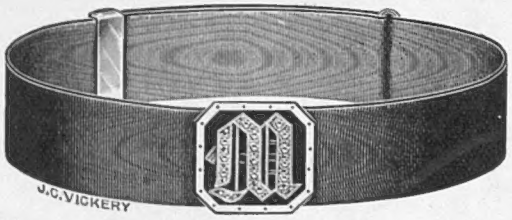

Any Initial in Diamonds in

Enamel Border	only £3	18	6
With Pearl Initial	2	10	0

Also with **Diamond SPORTING BIRDS AND ANIMALS** instead of initial: Flying Duck, Pheasant, Woodcock, Aberdeen Terrier, Partridge, Foxhead, Owl or Squirrel £5 15 0

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With your **Lucky Number** in Diamonds in Enamel Circle :—

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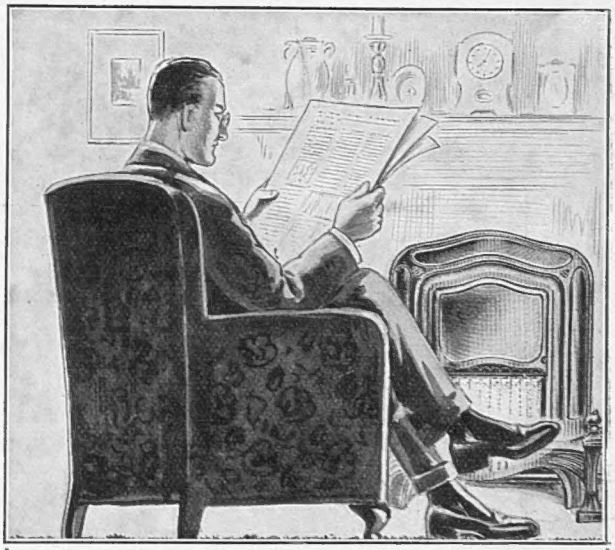
177 to 183 REGENT ST. LONDON, ·W·1·
By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H·M·the King Jeweller to H·M·the Queen Silversmith to H·R·H·the Prince of Wales



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You simply turn on a tap, and within a few moments the Radiator is all aglow, and remains so at a surprisingly low cost.

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GAS RADIATORS

As cheerful looking as they are efficient for warming a room—and with a minimum of labour. No messy fires to prepare, and no dust or ashes. Just a clean, healthy fire which can be turned low or full, according to your own dictates.

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PRICES FROM **47/-** *UPWARDS.*

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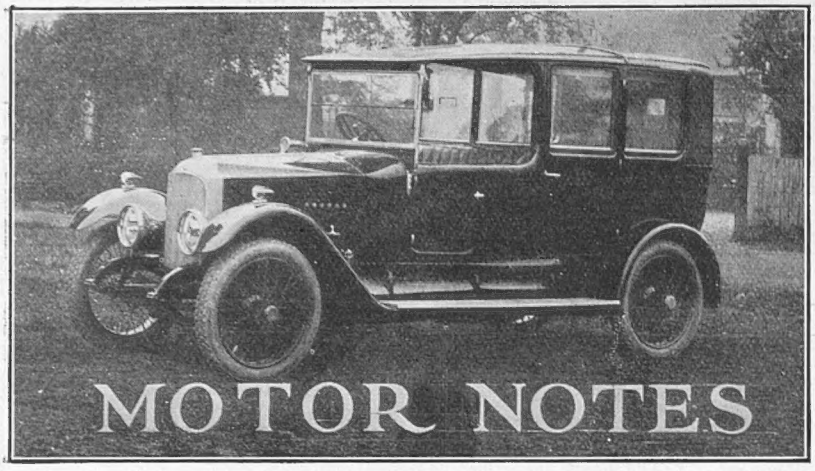


MOTOR NOTES

A VAUXHALL-WARWICK LANDAULETTE RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT OLYMPIA

I NOTICE that a typographical error placed the 8 h.p. Rover car as costing 230 guineas in a recent issue. This should have been £220, though as it would be inexpensive at the higher rate it is a better bargain than ever at its present cost. Really, it seems as if all the big firms are going in for two-cylinder engine cars, a reversion to practice of days long past. Passing down Bond Street this week I saw the Stoneleigh "utility" car in the Armstrong-Siddeley showrooms, which these works are manufacturing for Stoneleigh Motors, Ltd. It is a most roomy little vehicle with two-cylinder, air-cooled, vee-wise engine of 85 mm. by 90 mm., rated at 8.9 h.p. It combines all the latest, up-to-date practice, overhead valves, aluminium pistons, magneto ignition, and automatic lubrication with a propeller shaft casing, and the special disc type of wheels that give vertical and central steering pivots. Electric lighting, two lamps on the scuttle dash and a tail lamp, together with its capacity of carrying three adults, are additional features to recommend it to those who want a super-economy car. Its price is £225, and those interested should call at 10, Old Bond Street to inspect it. It is well worth while.

* * *

WRITING on economy reminds me that I think the wonderful performance of the Alpine journey of the big 40-50 h.p. Napier recently will take a lot of beating, as, covering a distance of 2,118 miles, including 70,000 ft. of climbing over various passes in the Alps, the R.A.C. official certificate gave the petrol consumption for the journey of 18.7 miles to the gallon. It really is marvellous, and only shows how great an advance the Napier engine is in automobile design, considering what a full load it carried on the trip. The clutch was never disengaged, whilst going down hills, so there was no coasting, which is usually done in attempts to give low fuel consumption, and, added to this, neither water nor oil was added during the trip, a further remarkable feature.

* * *

NATURALLY, a carriage of such a high class as the Napier had no work done to it on this journey, neither were there any involuntary stops on the road, while the trial finished with a rush round the Brooklands track, where the speed equalled 72.38 miles per hour over the "flying" half mile. Some great performance. Gee! I'm sorry I wasn't a passenger.

* * *

I HAVE driven over Mont Cenis myself, which is a mere hillock as compared with the Stelvio Pass which the Napier negotiated, and about 3,000 ft. higher, too, though Mont Cenis is 6,000 ft. above sea-level. What a road this is can best be imagined by those who have not seen

(Continued on page 396)

The Post-War

ROLLS-ROYCE

MAKES FASTEST TIME

at the "Côte du Phare" Hill Climb at Biarritz.

1st.	ROLLS-ROYCE - -	24⅘ secs.
2nd.	Vauxhall 38/90 - - -	27 secs.
3rd.	Hispano-Suiza 6 cyl. - -	27⅘ secs.
4th.	Hispano-Suiza 6 cyl. - -	28 secs.
5th.	Voisin - - - - -	34 secs.

The Côte du Phare — 500 metres in length — includes 3 sharp turnings.
The Rolls-Royce, starting from rest, was travelling at the finish at the rate of

63¾ MILES AN HOUR.

ROLLS-ROYCE, LTD., 15, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Telegrams: Rollhead, Reg., London. *Telephone: Gerrard 1654 (6 lines).*

Still the Proved Best

A NAPIER

40/50 h.p. Six-Cylinder Motor Carriage

has just completed a long and severe trial **over the Alps** under the Official Observation of the **Royal Automobile Club,** with the following result :—

Petrol Consumption (No coasting down hills) - - - **18·7 m.p.g.**
Total Distance - - - - **2,118 miles**
Total Climb - - - - - **70,000 ft.**
Speed on Brooklands - - **72·38 m.p.h.**

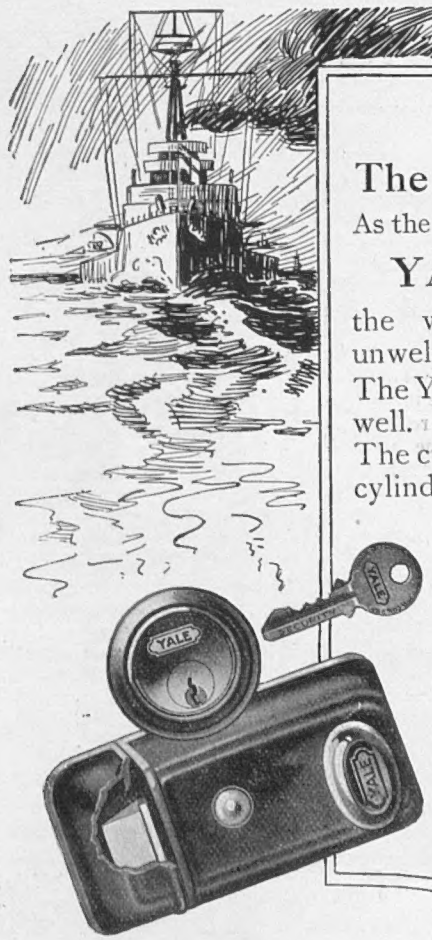
No work was done to the car, and NO WATER or OIL was added during the trial.

Full particulars of this most advanced car on application.

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.
14, New Burlington St., W.1.
Works: Acton, LONDON, W.3.

We, the Napier Co., guarantee that this trial was carried out with a standard chassis.

The Napier holds more than four times as many certificates issued by the Royal Automobile Club, in respect of Certified Trials of a car, as any other make of six-cylinder car.



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The Yale cylinder night latch is a Specialist. It does one thing well. It keeps the door locked when you want it locked. The cunning ingenuity of the lockpicker cannot open the Yale cylinder night latch—no one can, if he hasn't the right key.

And they are made to fit any door—in many sizes and styles, and at varying prices. Buy them from any good dealer.

The word Yale used in connection with Locks, Door Closers, Hoists, Carburettors, Industrial Trucks, etc., is exclusively the property of The Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company.

It is secured to us by common law and trade mark registry throughout the world, and cannot lawfully be used on similar products made by others.

It is not the name of an article It is an abbreviation of our corporate name, and for upwards of fifty years has been used to indicate products of our manufacture.

The name Yale appears on every article we make as a guarantee that we made it.

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

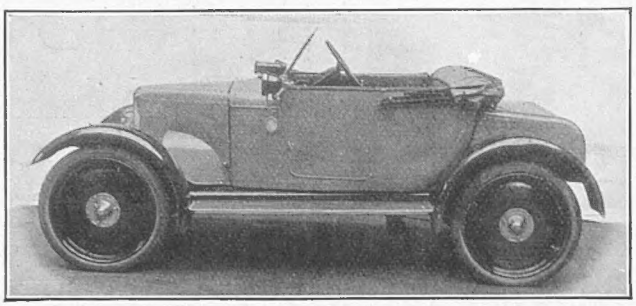
it by the fact that this zig-zag climb compelled the driver to reverse twenty-five times to get round the bends going up, and there are forty of them. He had to do this also ten times coming down the thirty-six hair-pin corners, which could not be taken in one lock over of the steering wheels.

* * *

On every occasion, one of the passengers tells me, the Napier picked up under its load without any difficulty, which, to my mind, is the best testimonial to its credit than if it could have ascended the height in one run. The Brooklands speed test was accomplished without any adjustment or tuning up, so it proved that the Napier economy in fuel and its hill climbing prowess were not secured at the expense of its speed on the flat. No other car has ever put up so fine a performance as the Napier made on this Alp-climbing long tour.

* * *

I am beginning to wonder that, except for the small Wolseley, why the makers of tiny cars that cater for the ordinary motorist with muscles untrained for starting the engine, do not more generally adapt the coil and battery ignition which, strange to say, is oftener found on big, expensive chassis. Or should I say chasses, I'm never quite sure of the plural of this French-adopted word? Little cars are often a bit difficult to start by hand, and a starter adds too much cost to be a standard fitting, and slow turning of the engine gets as good a spark as the fast spin required by a magneto. The colder weather brings these little things into one's fuzzy brain after a Show fortnight, when one stuffs one's pocket-handkerchief in the air inlet of the carburettor to get the little beast to get a move on. An air-pilot friend of mine disintegrated a perfectly good, electric-heated gauntlet glove recently to fix its warming works round the carburettor, and took the current off the lighting battery. It worked jolly well, so I wonder if some of our accessory folk, who seem to have bought up all the spares from the Government, might not do a trade in using some of the bits and pieces, and bring out an easily fixed heater for small cars which have not a hot spot near the induction pipe.



THE LATEST MODEL OF THE 8 H.P. ROVER

* * *

That enterprising and up-to-date firm, Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., have decided, after testing a variety of anti-dazzle devices, to take over the world's rights for the Grubb patent lamp. It will in future be styled as the C. A. V. non-dazzle lamp, and was among their exhibits in the gallery at Olympia during the Show. I take this as a straw showing which way the anti-dazzle wind blows from the Committee's report to the Minister of Transport's department.

* * *

Evidently there is going to be some regulations put upon motorists in this regard in the near future, though, according to Mr. E. J. Burrows, a bit of his special paper over the glass front does the trick without taking away too much light to make it unsafe for the driver. All the same, I rather think the new C. A. V. non-dazzle lamp will be the standard equipment to cars in the next Show. But conjectures are, perhaps, idle nowadays; prophets seem only to get known when they are dead, and that's the last thing most folk want—and get.

OLD HY.

Motoring Weather-Proofs & Winter Overcoats
AT PRE-WAR PRICES

The original "Thresher," whose cold and wet resisting qualities were proved by some 30,000 officer wearers during the war, adapted for Civilian use. Especially suitable for motoring, and any purpose involving exposure and hard usage.

Outer shell of strong proofed drill, with Melcam stormproof interlining. Price £6 6 0

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